

BOB—LYNN

AGAINST

FRANCK---LYNN:

Or, a full

HISTORY

OF THE

Controversies *and* Dissentions  
in the Family of the LYNN's.

OCCASIONED BY THE

QUARREL of *Bob-Lynn* and *Will Worthy*,  
which involved *James Waver*, *Tom Starch*, 'Squire  
*Maiden*, *Dick Dabble* and *Mr. Mimick*, on *Bob's*  
Side, and *Franck Lynn*, *Nick Waver*, *cum multis aliis*,  
on the other. With several entertaining Passages  
relating to the Secret History of the Families of the  
*Lynn's*, *Worthy's* and *Waver's*: Very diverting to  
private Readers, and of some Use to the Publick.

---

L O N D O N:

Printed by J. P. for D. REYNOLDS, in  
Fleetstreet. MDCCXXXII.  
(Price Six-pence.)

692

BOB-JAY

ТЭМІАДА

FRANCIS-T.M.N.

112-5-10

УЯОТЗИН

H I T 2 0

00000000000000000000000000000000

400  
1 8  
764



---

# *The* P R E F A C E.

Courteous Readers,

**B**EING no longer able to suppress the violent Inclinations I have to become an Author, after many Debates with myself, I at last resolved to present the Town with the merry Adventures of Bob Lynn, of the County of Goatham, Esq; and Franck Lynn, Citizen of London: I confess, I had a strange Itch to dabble in Politicks, but I wisely consider'd, it might be of ill Consequence; besides, my Brethren of the Quill, on both Sides of the Question would fall upon me severely, for intrenching on their Prerogative; for these Reasons I shall humbly content myself to divert you without mentioning Affairs of State, or abusing my Betters, which, by the bye, every Man is, that has it in his Power to hurt me; now the many Quarrels which have for some Years past happen'd in the Family of the Lynn's, I take to be a very innocent Subject; it has been attended with more romantick Incidents than the renowned Don Quixot met with in his Travels; his Battles with the Windmills, and the innocent Sheep, are nothing to the Stories I have to relate. This doleful Strife had its original at an Election of Knights for a certain Shire, which shall be nameless;  
and



## The PREFACE

*and began between our Bob Lynn, and one Will Worthy, a wealthy North Country Gra-  
zier, and at that time his particular Friend;  
for you must understand, tho' Bob took upon  
himself the Title of an Esq; he often wanted  
Money; and the Grazier's Credit was of great  
Use to him. Yet Pride and Folly made him for  
once forget his own Interest, and use the Man  
saucily. Will, who well knew that all the Fa-  
mily had been Scoundrels, resented it, and gave  
him very rough Language; and from that Day,  
to this present Writing, the Enmity has contained,  
till the whole Country has interested themselves  
in the Matters. Now my intent is, to give you  
an exact List of the Heroes on both Sides,  
their Characters and Behaviour; as likewise a  
full Account of the many Misfortunes which  
have befallen poor Franck Lynn, through the In-  
justice and Barbarity of his inhuman Cousin.  
The whole will be interspers'd with many true  
and pleasant Stories, which, as they shall be  
intirely free from Partiality, I hope will meet  
with a favourable Reception, and entitle to  
your Favour,*

*Your most humble Servant,*

*The Author.*



B O B





BOB---LYN

A G A I N S T

FRANCK---LYN.

**B**O B's *Lynn's* Grandfather, had made an Estate of Five hundred *per Annum*, by being Steward to an old Gentleman of a large Fortune; but some spiteful People say, this same Grandfather was the first of this Branch of the Family, and begotten by a Popish Priest of that Name, upon a Gipsy, who unnaturally dropt the poor Brat in a Field, within a hundred Yards of the Place, where our *Bob's* fine House now stands; but *Bob*, and all his Friends, declare upon their Honours, that he is descended in a direct Line, from *Edward de Lynn*, one of the Barons created by *William the Conqueror*. I will not pretend to decide which are the *Liams*; but *Bob* has a devilish, dusky Complexion; be that as it will, he was at the time he fell out with *Will. Worthby*, Ranger of the Forest, and Clerk of the Market to our Lord of the Manner: So the meaner Sort of those Tenants

B durst

durst not offend him, tho' they hated him in their Hearts; for he was always addicted to griping and squeezing, and having been a long time in very needy Circumstances, occasioned by the narrowness of his Fortune, and his natural Extravagance, he now resolved to make Hay while the Sun shin'd, and heap up Money at any rate. If you expected the least Favour from him, you must be sure not to come empty-handed. An honest Farmer of my Acquaintance, who had many Sons, made an Interest to him to put one of them into an under Keeper's Place, the Salary of which is but fifteen Pounds a Year, and received a gracious Grin, and a faithful Promise, that he should certainly have it; but some Weeks after, to his great Disappointment, it was given to his next Neighbour, a Fellow that was well known to be an Enemy to *Bob*. Every Body wondered at it; but at last the Secret came out, at the next drunken Bout, that not having Money to pay down, he had agreed to take eight Pounds a Year to do the Business, and the rest went to *Bob*. I could give you an Account of as many mean Tricks of this sort as would fill a Volume in Quarto; but this may suffice to give you a Sketch of his Honour and Generosity; his Morals were of a Piece in every thing; he was intolerable Proud and Vain. If you had told him, that he was wiser than *Solomon*, braver than *Alexander*, and more learned than all the *Greeks* and *Romans* put together, he would have believed you, nay, and rewarded you too: A certain poor Poet presented him with a Copy of Verses, much to the same effect, and got a hundred Guineas for what any Gentleman of tolerable Sense would have kick'd him; and yet this Wretch is scarce endowed with common Understanding; but to make up that Deficiency, he has a plentiful share of little, tricking Cunning, and is as mischievous

chievous and revengeful as a Witch ; if he once takes an Antipathy, tho' the occasion be ever so trifling, the Person's Life would not be safe a Moment, were it not for fear of the Law ; but Heaven has mercifully made him so great a Coward, that he would calmly stand fifty Kickings rather than draw a Sword. Indeed, if either swearing himself, or hiring his Emissaries, will do, no Man's Life or Liberty can be secure that he dislikes ; how thankful ought we to be for the late Act against corrupt swearing. Thus have I given you a short Description of Mr. *Lynn*, and shall in the next Place do the same with great Impartiality by his Antagonist.

*Will. Worthy*, as I told you in my Preface, was a Grazier, had a good Estate, and got a great deal of Money by his own Industry. As it was honestly gain'd, so he was very careful in the manner of spending on't ; yet he kept a good House, and was universally beloved all the Country over. He had been very serviceable to *Bob Lynn*, who till he was prefer'd by the Lord of the Mannor, had always made an outward Show of Religion, and good Nature, and by that pretence insinuated himself into the good Opinion, not only of *Will Worthy*, but many other honest Gentlemen, who when he first threw off the Masque, could scarce believe their Eyes. What, sanctify'd *Bob*, turn'd *Debauchee* at fifty Year sold, it was impossible ! What, *Bob*, that was so humble in the Days of his Poverty, turn'd proud and insolent, it could not be ! But he soon convinc'd them ; for he fell a devilizing with all his Might, and gloried in his Wickedness, when *Will* mildly rebuked him for getting Money by such vile Ways ; oppressing the Poor, ruining the Trade of the Country ; and added, that he hop'd all was not true he had heard, especially the exorbitant Interest which it was re-



ported he took for Money. *Bob*, instead of being ashamed, told him with a disdainful Air, Money was a Horse, and sure every Man was at liberty to take what he pleas'd for his Horse; where was the harm of that? and then burst into a loud laugh. The Man's consummate Impudence confounded *Will* so much, that he left him without returning any Answer; and in a few Days after the Quarrel began at the Election, which being rumour'd about, all the People, far and near, that were abused or wrong'd by *Bob*, applied themselves to *Will* *Worthy*, who generously promis'd to assist them both with his Purse and Person, to bring him to Justice. So to Law they went, helter skelter: But, alas! all the County, with *Will* at their Head, were no Match for him. 'Tis true, they had Right on their Side; but he had a Gang in continual pay, who would swear black was white; so after many Tryals, in which *Will* and his honest distress'd Neighbours, always came by the worst, they were forced to sit down with the Loss, which caus'd a general Murmur against him, insomuch that he durst not stir out of Doors alone, for fear of being torn to pieces; but *Will* *Worthy* soon quieted them, by promising, that he would procure an able Man, who should make their Case known to all the World in print, if they would not hurt *Bob*. They agreed; and he, upon mature Deliberation, pitch'd upon *Nicholas* *Waver* of *Oxfordshire*, Esq; Now to tell you the truth, *Will*'s choice, both in this Author and a Wife, made me shrewdly suspect there was some little Flaw in his Understanding; for in the first Place, this same *Nicholas* had formerly been *Bob*'s chief Privado, and not only defended all his Measures, but was also his Tool to create a Quarrel in a certain Place, which made a great Noise at the time, and caused much Mischief; besides,

he

he had behaved himself so ill in his last Service that he was turn'd out, and his Masters positively refus'd to give him a Character; yet because he was a smart shrewd Fellow, and withal a good Scholar, *Will* thought he would turn good when he was well provided for; but he was deceived; for he grew so intolerable lazy, that *Will* and all his Friends were forced to do half the Work themselves; yet, to do the Man Justice, he fell so hard upon *B. b.*, that he was obliged to hire Somebody to defend him; and to be reveng'd both of *Mr. Worthy*, and *Nick Waver*, he as wisely chose *Mr. James Waver*, of the City of *Norwich*, School-master, *Nick's* Cousin German: Now *James* in his Heart loved *Mr. Worthy*, and detested *Bob* and all his Practices; but see what Money will do, the greatness of the promis'd Reward prevail'd, and he abused his old Friends, Cousin and all, and contradicted his former Tenets most strenuously, for which *Bob* presented him with a round Sum; but he had not received it long before he changed his Note; Conscience began to trouble him; it was Wrong; he would tell no more Lies; it was a Sin; he desired to be excused, and that some other might be got to supply his Place.

*Mr. Lynn* was provok'd at his Ingratitude, but thought it not safe to Quarrel with him, least he should discover all to the Enemies; so resolved to quiet him if possible, with a larger Sum. This had the desired Effect; *James* no longer boggled at any thing; he even blasphemed his Maker, to please his Patron, who, by the way, had some difficulty to save him from the Pillory, which he justly deserv'd for his Pains; yet he went on at the same Rate. Nothing contented him; he knew that *Bob* got his Money easily, and was resolved to make him pay well, or he would change Sides. His Master was forced to humour him. 'Tis a dangerous thing to  
trust

trust any Body; we have monthly Examples of that sort at the *Old-Bailey*, where the Evidence is often one of the Gang; this oblig'd him to think of getting a new Hand, tho' he durst not discharge the old one. *Dick Dabble* was his second Choice, and a much fitter for his purpose; tho' he had not a Tyth of *James's* Understanding, yet he would stick at nothing, which his Patron commanded him to do, and was absolutely the best Scold in Christendom. If he could not Argue, he could call Names; the Fish-Women at *Billingsgate* were Lambs, when compared to him. *Dick* was overjoy'd at his good Fortune. The Business was directly in his own way, for he had served part of his Time with an Attorney; but being addicted to ill Women, Swearing and drinking of Drams, at an immoderate Rate, he involved himself so much in Debt, that he was constrained to withdraw before his Clerkship was out. His poor Mother, who is a very good Woman, and in tolerable Circumstances, relieved him out of several Difficulties; but she found it was to no purpose, she must either hold her Hand, or be reduced to Beggary. In this State he stood, when, luckily for him, he happened into Company by chance with one of *Bob's* Emissaries, who finding him as Wicked as he could wish, recommended him to his Master, who paid his Debts, fill'd his Pockets, and promis'd him Mountains of Wealth; and now our *Dick*, who durst not shew his Head before, made his publick Appearance both in Person, and in Print, to the great Diversion of the Town. I dare answer, that the Picture Shops, if they should give him five Hundred Guineas for an original Picture, would be gainers by the Bargain; nothing ever came up to the Figure he makes, especially when he is Drunk, which generally happens two or three times a Day, for he can sleep himself Sober much better upon a Brandy-Shop or Tavern-Bench,



Bench, then on a Feather-Bed. As soon as he awakes, up he starts, calls for Pen, Ink and Paper, and performs his Task before all the Company, whether they happen to be Gentlemen in a polite House, or Strumpets in a Brothel. I beg Pardon for the Digression ; but I flatter myself, that the Story I am going to relate, will afford Matter of Diversion sufficient to plead my Excuse.

*Dick* having received two hundred Pounds from his Master, for a very extraordinary Performance, resolved to spend it merrily, *i. e.* throw it away ; as he was sauntering along, *Jenny Ogle*, who guess'd by his Aspect that he would prove a good Bubble, attack'd him : Sir, says she, shall I beg the Favour of you to direct me in the Way to *Pall-Mall* ? I am but a Stranger in Town, and the Darknes of the Night makes me afraid of every thing I meet. *Dick*, at this Speech, look'd up, and perceiving that she was young, and well dress'd, immediately offer'd his Service to wait on her home. The Lady made fifty Excuses, but at last consented. To deal ingeniously with you Madam, says he, I am a Country Gentleman myself, but, with your leave, we'll call at a Friend's House of mine, which is but just by, and their Servant shall get a Coach. The Lady agreed ; and *Dick*, who imagined he had got an innocent Virgin, conducts her to one of his most private Baudy-Houses, and tipping a proper Wink to the Maid that opened the Door, asked, if his Aunt was at home ? The Wench answer'd no ; but if he pleas'd to walk into the Parlour, she would call her Mistress, who was only gone to pay a Visit in the next Street. Down they sat, and *Jenny's* Beauty soon made a Conquest of our driveling Beau ; he recollected all his Common-place Books, to enable him to make Love successfully ; the Love of Prince *Prettyman*, in the *Rehearsal*, to  
the

the Ale-Wives Daughter at the Town-Wall, was nothing to this Scene.

*Jenny* play'd her part to a Miracle, tho' she had much ado to keep her Countenance. He told her, he should certainly die if she was cruel; that he should esteem it the greatest Happiness in the World to marry her; and to induce her to be kind, boasted, that he was first Favourite to *Bob Lynn*, and managed all his Business: He can do nothing without me, *says he*, and pulling out some Papers, took occasion, accidentally, to drop the Purse of Guineas. *Jenny* was pleas'd at the Sight, well knowing they would soon be her own, but found it convenient to keep her Lover at a distance. He kneel'd, and pray'd, and stutter'd, and drivell'd, but all to no purpose; his fair *Parthenope* would not vouchsafe him the favour of kissing her Hand; at last his Aunt, *alias* Madam *Bawd*, appeared, and with great Ceremony saluted the Lady. A handsome Supper was served in, and plenty of the richest Wines, with which *Dick* took care to ply his Mistress very fast, in hopes her Head would grow giddy. She perceived his Design, and thought fit to humour it; in short, the sly Husky counterfeited so well, that the Aunt and her Maid put her to Bed dead drunk, as they thought; and coming down again to *Dick*, advised him to go to Bed to her. Poor Country thing, *says she*, I'll warrant you, she ne'er tasted such Liquor in her Life; you may venture, for she's quite gone. *Dick* was afraid, lest when she came to herself, she should swear a Rape against them all. But the old Woman soon laugh'd him out of his fear; and, not to tire your Patience with too many Particulars, a handsome Present, and fine Promises, persuaded the Lady to forgive him the next Morning. They staid together four or five Days, living after a most voluptuous manner. *Dick* was  
too

too much in love to think of Business; but *Jenny* began to be tired, and resolved to take the first Opportunity, and make her escape, which she did the next Night, without taking leave, while he was asleep, not forgetting to carry with her every Farthing of his Money, Watch, Papers and all. This Wench had formerly been kept by *Nick Waver*, and looking over the Pacquet, found many Things in it relating to him and *Will Worby*, and judg'd, that she might be well paid for delivering them up: So that no more time might be lost, she took a Coach, and drove directly to *Nick's* Lodgings, who received her very coolly at first; but *Jenny* soon brought him into a better Humour. Don't frown at me, Mr. *Waver*, says she, I had not troubled you with this Visit, but that I am sensible it is in my Power to do you a great Service; and presenting him with the Bundle, told him, she did not doubt but he would reward her handsomely. *Nick* look'd them over, and found they contain'd many valuable Secrets; in particular, Instructions to *Dick*, in *Bob Lynn's* own Hand; so, without examining how she came by them, he gave her Gold, and told her, he was in great haste at present, but would be proud to see her at any other Time. She was in as much hurry to be gone as he was to have her, being apprehensive that she should be diligently search'd after, which to prevent, she set out for *Holland* with her, Booty.

But to return to *Dick*, it is impossible to express the Agony he was in, when he found how she had served him; he stamp'd and swore like a Mad-Man, and made such a Noise that he alarm'd the whole House, who instead of pitying him, made a Jest of his Misfortune; you deserve it all, cries the Bawd, you must Chaffer for yourself, and Cheat me of my Perquisites; I thought what a Judge you were of



Virtue, you vain Puppy, to think that any Body could fall in Love with your slabber Chops, the Girl was in the right on't, I commend her; but how am I to be Paid? your Bill comes to eight Pounds, and you shall not stir out of my House till I have it. He beg'd she would keep the Matter Secret, or he should be ruin'd for ever. As to that, says she, you need not be concern'd; Pay me, and I am Dumb, which if you don't do in two Hours, I'll send for an Officer and Arrest you, so double locking the Door after her, she left him. He was well acquainted with the Temper of such Cattle; but how to raise the Sum in so short a Time, he knew not; he durst not send to *Bob*, of whom he had received so much lately, and the loss of the Papers vext him worst of all. He knew that his Credit was so bad, that no Body would trust him with a Shilling. To send to his Mother was his only refuge, but if she found him in such a House she would do nothing; however, knocking for the old Woman, he consented to be arrested, and carry'd to a Publick House, and from thence to send for his Mother, which was done accordingly; and this poor Gentlewoman, rather then have her dear Son expos'd, laid down the Money, but not one Word was said of the Loss.

*Dick* paid well for his Folly. All the Comfort he had, was to think, that as he made no Search after her the Wench, she, for her own sake, would hold her Tongue; and his present Poverty made him keep home, and be very diligent in his Business, in hopes to deserve such another Purse. He scribbled and bullied, and lyed, every Week; but having lost his Instruction, his Head being very weak, he made such gross Mistakes, that *B b* then thought he was Distracted. His Antagonist *Nick*, notwithstanding his natural Laziness, was much too hard both for him and *James*, which vext *B b* to

to such a degree, that he resolved to write himself. You must know, that Mr. *Lynn* formerly, when he was out of Service, us'd to scribble for Bread, as well as his Neighbours, and was reckoned to do it tolerable ; but Wealth had so turn'd his Brain to such a degree, that his own Performance was worse than ever his Man *Dick's*. *Nick*, in his Answers, lash'd hard, and sneer'd, and told a plaguy many unlucky Truths ; besides, his Works were full of Wit and Jokes, which diverted the Tenants, he sily advised his Adversary *Dick* to keep close in the Country ; told him, *London* was a dangerous Place, and gave such broad Hints, that it made *Dick's* Heart ache. A guilty Conscience, the old Proverb says, needs no Accuser. The Apprehension disordered him ; and his Work was so wretchedly done, that Nobody would take the trouble to read it, tho' it was given *gratis* all the County over : The Grocers and Pastry-Cooks indeed took them in by dozens, to wrap up Plumbs and Sugar, and put under Pies, insomuch that the Farmers used commonly to say, if you would hear *Bob Lynn's* Justification, you must go to the Cooks. Every Body was impatient for the Lord of the Mannor's arrival, in hopes that on hearing their Grievances, he would turn out *Bob*. But he still found Ways to keep his Lord in Town, for fear of the worst, and in a great Passion swore, if it cost him all that he was worth, he would find a Set of Men who should be able to excel *Will Worthy*, and all his Friends. That he might do nothing rashly, he called a Consultation of his own Creatures, which consisted of *Farting Andrew*, his Brother, a Fellow of some Honesty but no Manners, and as little Understanding ; *John Maiden*, Esq ; the celebrated Fop of the County, famous for spending a hundred Pounds a Year, at least, in Powder, scented Oils and Pastes for his lilly-white

Hands, Mr. *Anthony Mimick*, a stroling Player, lately taken into Favour, for suppressing, as well as he could, a Farce he had wrote, which Mr. *Lynn* thought reflected upon him; for, to enlighten your Understanding, I must tell you, that if the Character of a *ROGUE* should be drawn in *Lapland*, and brought to our Town, *Bob* immediately starts up, and swears, it can mean no Body but himself; and to make up the Number, *Tom Starch*, that abominable Pedant, who has been redeemed from Necessity by several small Legacies bequeathed to him for his Infidelity; he scarce speaks a Word, or writes a Line, for which he does not deserve to be bored through the Tongue. This hopeful Company agreed, that it was unsafe to trust any Body with the Affair; that *James Waver* and *Dick Dabble* should jog on at the old Rate; but for any Matter of great Consequence, they would manage it themselves, and write by Turns; so casting Lots who should begin, it fell upon *Jack Maiden*, who immediately cut the Fingers of his Gloves, and retiring to another Room, after setting up all Night, produced his first Essay, which he named, *A full Defence of Mr. Lynn's Honour and Innocence*; but an arch Wag of my Acquaintance, call'd it *The Flower of Billingsgate*.

*Nick* finding so many against one, reply'd in the r own Stile; and knowing by the Papers he had from *Jenny*, what they design'd, fell foul upon them all, and discover'd such black Secrets, which, they knowing to be true, swore, that some of their Friends had betray'd them, or else *Nick* dealt with the Devil. This created a Quarrel amongst themselves, each mistrusting one another, to the great Diversion of *Will Worthy*, and *Nick*, who found a way to get Intelligence of all their Motions. Farting *Andrew* swore, he would Silence them at one Blow, and in th heighth of his Fury, pump'd out



out a Letter four Sheets long at least, the Substance of which was, *You are a Parcel of LYING Scoundrels, and may kiss my Arse.* This polite Piece was the Foundation of a very pleasant Adventure, which take as follows :

*Andrew*, and his Brother *Bob*, as they were walking to Church the *Sunday* after this mannerly Letter was published, happening to pass through a Meadow, a Ploughman was driving his Master's Bull along; the Creature was fierce, and our Heroes retired to the Hedge-side to avoid him; but still the Man drove on, without taking the least Notice of their fear. You ill-bred Rascal, says *Andrew*, don't you know who we are? I shall make you suffer for your Impudence by and by. God bless you, Master, cries the Fellow, I did not see you. Not see me, Sirrah, where was your Eyes? In mine Arse, says Bumpkin; ever since I heard the Sexton of our Parish read your Letter, I thought it was the fashion to look Backwards. *Bob* was so much enraged at this Insult, that he swore he would send the Rogue to the County Jail before Night. I know you lye, Sir, says *Hob*, and if you don't like my Manners, thank your Brother for teaching me; and so on he went with his Bull.

But to return to my Story: The Work was too hard for *Nick Waver*; so Mr. *Worthy* desired he would send for a proper Person, who was honest, and could write a good Hand, to fair Copy after him, to be even with *Bob*, for setting the antient Family of *Wavers* together by the Ears; he pitched upon Mr. *Franck Lynn*, a Namesake and near Relation of *Bob's*. The Man was honest, and willing to serve him. What were Kindred to him? Besides, tho' he was but a Tradesman, he thought it a Disgrace to be counted *Bob's* Cousin; and protested to Mr. *Waver*, that *Bob* was, at best, only descended

descended from a Bastard Race of his Family. This new Aid was a great help to Mr. *Waver* : He work'd on with so much Spirit, and *Franck* copy'd so well, that *Bob*, and all his Gang, were put to their Trumps. This provok'd them so much, that since they found Writing signify'd nothing, and the Tenants grew daily more enraged against them, they resolv'd to try some other Way to be revenged, yet writ on still. *Bob* was more angry with his Namesake than all the rest put together : And since *Will Worthy* and *Nick* were above his reach, he resolv'd to rake all his Malice upon poor *Franck Lynn*, and make him pay for whatever they did. Now the better to compass his villainous Designs, he bribed one of *Franck's* Apprentices, who promis'd to send him daily Intelligence, which he constantly did, no Matter whether it were true or false ; the Boy got Money, which was all that he wanted ; and the Fool was pleas'd with a Plumb. But finding he knew nothing that would fix his Master as yet, he set his Tribe on again to work with their Pens. Mr. *Mimick* now undertook the Task ; he effected to side with the Tenants ; and finding it a thing impossible to perswade them to have a good Opinion of *Bob*, he dropt that Subject entirely, and fell to praising the noble Deeds of their old deceas'd Lord of the Mannor. He told them, how many brave Things he had done for them ; especially his recovering for them a Free Market, which he left them as a Legacy for ever ; and so went on intimating the great Duty and Respect which they owed to his Son, their present Lord, and under him to Mr. *Lynn*, the Clerk of the Market, who was never weary of doing good Offices for them to his Lord.

*Nick* answer'd him, at the Tenants desire, that the very Name of their old Lord was dear to them, and ever should ; that they always had, and  
very

very willingly paid what was due by Agreement to their young Lord; and honour'd him as in Duty bound: But as to Mr. *Lynn*, they had great Reason to fear, that instead of doing them good Offices, he misrepresented them to his Master, the better to cloak his own Roguery; that they had good Reason to suspect, that he pocketted more than half the Rents of the Mannor, and then laid the Fault upon them; that he starved the Poor, and bribed with the Money above half the Gentry of the Parish to side with him, and hired a Pack of needy Fellows to abuse *Will Worthy*, and his honest Acquaintance, in order to traduce them to their Lord, for fear they should have an Opportunity to lay before him the Plunders, publick Rapines, and horrid Enormities, of which *Bob Lynn* had been guilty; and concluded, with an earnest desire, that they might be permitted to State the Case fairly to their Lord, and that Mr. *Lynn* might be obliged to answer the Charge. This Letter of *Nick's* was fairly Copy'd by *Frank Lynn*. *Bob* knew the Hand, and vowed Revenge; but how to compass it was the Matter; there was not in it the least disrespectful Word of their Lord, and sure they might tell truth of a Fellow Tenant, without being liable to Punishment; but Innocence and Industry are but weak Securities against People who have no fear of God before their Eyes. So tho' Mr. *Lynn* could not come at his Cousin *Franck* by Law, yet with a Fob-Action, he set on a couple of rascally Bailiffs to arrest poor *Franck*, though the Man did not owe a Shilling in the World; and under that pretence these Paultroons beat his Wife, pillidg'd his House, and dragg'd him to Goal; but at the next Assizes, *Will Worthy* appear'd, and the Cause being ry'd, it was decided in Favour of *Franck*, to the great Joy of all honest Men, and sad Mortification of  
Mr



Mr. *Lynn*, and all his Tribe ; yet, tho' the Judge and Jury had done him Justice, *Franck* could never get his Costs, for *Bob* made Friends to a Foreign Minister, and got the Bailiffs protected.

This terrible Disappointment grieved *Bob* to the Heart, he could scarce stir out without being affronted : A smart Footman, in our Parish, made a Song about him, and the Servant Maids would stand and sing it in his hearing ; he durst never trust himself alone, for when he was in his melancholy Moods the Devil was powerful with him, and once, tho' it was many Years ago, tempted him so much that he Cut his own Throat, though, to the general Lamentation of our Country, he unluckily mist his Wind-pipe ; his Sycophants, who were no Strangers to this Accident, took it by turns to attend him Night and Day, and *Tom Starch* being a prehensive that he had some Qualms of Conscience, was at great Pains to preach up to him his own *Free-Thinking* Doctrine. Sure, Sir, says he, a Man of your fine Sense can never believe the ridiculous Tales which are propagated by the Priests; not but I think those Gentlemen are in the right to preach them up to the ignorant and vulgar, who would never be kept in tolerable Order, if it were not for fear of Hell ; it teaches them their Duty to their Betters, poor Wretches. Come, come, Sir, be merry, we'll be even with the honest, plodding Fools, for all this; take a chearful Bottle, and I'll help you to a pretty Wench. Pleasure is our only Business in this Life; when we are Dead we shall have no more on't. *B b* prickt up his Ears at this fine Speech. Ah! my dear Friend, says he, (hugging *Tom*) I wish I was but thoroughly convinced that your Doctrines were true, I should be the happiest Man in the World. When you have leisure to hear me, Sir, says *Tom*, I'll make it plainly out to you beyond a Contradiction. In the mean time, permit me to carry you

you with me, to a fair Friend of mine; the very Sight of her will make you forget Care. *Bob* smil'd and consented. The Coach was got ready, and *Tom* directed it to stop at a Village about four Miles distant.

*Mr. Starch* well knew his Patron's Taste, and that he was extreamly fond of Mysteries and strange Adventures; so told him, that they must alight a Mile from the House, and walk the rest of the Way, for the Lady was a Woman of great Honour, and a five thousand Pounds Fortune, and lived with her Mother, who was of a very scrupulous Temper; that he must pass upon the old Lady for a Relation of his, tho' the young one, cries *Tom*, laughing, knows you very well, and to my knowledge has been long in love with you. This Tale rais'd our old Beaux's Curiosity to the highest Pitch. Vanity made him believe all for truth, and he grew as gay as a Boy of Fifteen; every Minute seem'd an Age till he saw this lovely Unknown. *Tom* had some difficulty to keep his Countenance, at the sight of *Mr. Linn's* extravagant Flights; but, to his great relief, the Coach stopp'd, and they began their Walk over two or three pleasant Meadows. *Bob* was overjoyed at the sight of the House, but much more so, when, upon their entrance, they were received with the utmost Civility by the young Lady and her Mother. *Skerissa*, for so we will call her, was in his Eyes much handsomer than *Tom* had described her; but that must be imputed either to the dimness of his Sight, or his want of Judgment in Beauty; for the general Opinion of every Body else is, that she is what the World calls scarce passable; and I can assure you, she is pretty far gone on the wrong side of Thirty: However, as *Don Quixot* took *Sancho's* Word for his *Dalcinea*, so our superannuated Lover took *Tom's*, and improved

D

upon

upon it. The old Lady forced them to stay Supper ; so they sat down to *Ombre* till it was ready. *Bob* was too much in love to mind his Play, and lost his Money with an exceeding good Grace, which pleas'd the old Lady so well, that she told him, she should be proud if he would favour them often with his Company, for they were very melancholy in that Retirement, because there was Nobody in the Neighbourhood fit to converse with. No, Madam, replied *Bob* : Do you consider what you say ? Is not Mr. *Worthy's* fine Wife your near Neighbour ? Yes, says she, and a very handsome Lady, but so exceedingly covetous, that if all be true that is reported of her, she grudges her Servants their Victuals, and if she should be put to the expence of an Entertainment, would pinch the Family a Week for it. If it will not be disagreeable, I'll tell a Story of her, which happened lately within my own knowledge. *Bob*, who delighted to hear any thing amiss of that Family, begg'd she would favour them with it. She bow'd; and went on in the following manner.

A Lady of good Family, and who a few Years ago made a handsome Figure in the World, by a train of Misfortunes was reduced to great Necessity. In the Sun-shine of her Fortune she was well acquainted with Mrs. *Worthy*, who was not at that time so insufferable Proud and Covetous as she is at present. The poor Lady could not bend her Soul to ask a Favour, that would have been to her much worse than starving ; however, to pass away a melancholy Hour, she wrote a little diverting Treatise, and dedicated it to Mrs. *Worthy*. Tho' she could ill afford the Charge, she sent it by a Porter to her Country-house, with a very respectful Letter, not indeed sign'd with her own Name ; but she flatter'd herself, that the Hand would be guess'd at. It was received, and the  
Man



Man ordered to come again the next Day at twelve, who attended accordingly. After waiting some Hours, and abundance of impertinent Questions from the Servants, he received the following Letter, wrote, as I suppose, by her Chamber-Maid. I'll present you with an exact Copy, which I took from the Original; the Spelling is of a Piece with the whole Affair.

“ Mrs. *Worthy* says, she knows nothing of you, and wonders you would send to her; but she supposes that it is for Charity, and so have sent you a Guinea by the Bearer.

On the Receipt of this good-natur'd Epistle, the Lady presented the Bearer with half for his Trouble, and came to me Laughing. Is it not a pity, says she, that so deserving a Man as Mr. *Worthy*, should be disgraced by such a Wretch? If it were not for his sake, I would set her forth in her proper Colours; but we must all submit to our Destiny. There is no such thing as perfect Happiness on this side the Grave; he is more miserable in the midst of a plentiful Fortune, than I in my distress. The Curse of such a Wife is worse than Poverty with all its attendants.

The whole Company diverted themselves at Mrs. *Worthy's* Expence. *Bob* was well pleased to hear any Ridiculous thing of her, tho' he was ready to burst with Envy to hear her Husband praised; but as he was not to be known to the Mother, he stifled his uneasiness, and only said, he supposed Mr. *Worthy* had taken a Wife from the Dregs of the People, or she could never have behaved in such a scandalous manner, even to a Stranger. *Skeriffa* smil'd, and said, he had guess'd right; but there was no Reason to be given for Love; besides, the Lady was a perfect Beauty, and Virtuous; two Qualifications, sufficient to hide her Faults. Supper being over, and Night

coming on, they were obliged to take leave. *Bob* could talk of nothing but *Skeriffa* all the Way home; and from that time made frequent Visits, and magnificent Presents, which soon reconcil'd the Mother, and render'd Mr. *Lynn* as acceptable by his own Name, as he was before under a feign'd one. The World says, the Lady was not cruel; be that as it will, he made her a handsome Settlement for Life; perhaps only for the Pleasure her agreeable Conversation gave him; but malicious People will talk, and common Fame is often a Lyar, for *Skeriffa* is a profess'd Admirer of the *Platonick* System. What can be more desireable than a Union of Souls; without any regard to the Body? But Mr. *Lynn* was nice to a degree. He told her, it was a Crime to speak o any of the Sex, except his Friend Mr. *Starch*, who he was well pleas'd she should honour so much. The Lady assured him, it was a Pain to her even to go to Church, because she could not do it without seeing a Man. Never were four People more happy in their own Opinions. *Bob's* Vanity was rais'd to a Pitch, at having a fine Lady so entirely devoted to him; and the rest had all they wanted, viz. Money, and laughed at him behind his back. What a ridiculous Figure must a Man make at his time of Life? Those Follies, which in a young lover at best can be only call'd a Species of Madness, which the little God inspires in all his Votaries, must be a nauseous Sight, when play'd over by a toothless Dotard. Thus every thing, however, went on swimmingly, till Winter drawing on, *Skeriffa* contrived fifty Excuses to get to *London*. They had a Law-suit that must be attended. She was indisposed, and wanted Advice, and she fear'd the bleakness of the Country Air at this Season, would  
make

make her worse. He offered to remove all Difficulties, rather than she should go to Town; but the danger her Health would be in from the Cold, was not to be got over; so he gave consent, tho' very unwillingly: But let his own Affairs go on as they could, he must go too; for it was impossible to live a Day without her. So to *London* they came, *Tom* and all, for he must be Envoy Extraordinary between our lovers, who were constrained to observe Rules here which were not requisite in the Country; for, to tell you the truth, *Bob* had a Wife, who was a very gay Lady, and tho' she was almost as old as her Husband, was as fond of being admired as any young Girl in Town. A Discovery of this Sort would have made her quite mad; for tho' she never cared three Farthings for her Spouse, yet it would have piqu'd her Pride to think he should have a regard for any other Woman. This he well knew; and could not answer for the Effects which such a Discovery might produce; for *Madam Lynn* was to the full as meanly descended as *Madam Worthy*; both, of the Nature of the Pumpkin, retained a strong Tincture of the Dunghill; yet they differed in their Tempers very much, for *Madam Lynn* was generous, even to Extravagance, and of a very soft, yielding Disposition.

All these Things consider'd, Caution was absolutely necessary to guard *Sheriff's* Reputation. *Bob* was oblig'd to be less frequent in his Visits; which gave her an Opportunity to indulge her own Inclinations. This she might safely venture, because he never came now but by stealth, and late at Night, which heightened his Passion; besides, he always sent her Notice before by *Tom Starch*.

Not.



Notwithstanding the great Secrefy with which this innocent Amour was carried on, *Nick Waver's* Spies got a Hint on't, and carried the News to their Master, who resolved to be even with *Bob* for all his past Tricks. *Nick* had a handsome Person, and was extreamly engaging in his Manner and Addresses; he took great Pains to get acquainted with *Skeriffa*, and succeeded to his Wish: She admitted his Visits, and took Pleasure to hear him Chat, at all times, when she did not expect *Bob*. This Correspondance was carried on without suspicion for some Months, to the great Mortification of *Nick*, who long'd to have it discover'd; for the Woman, much to filly to please his nice Taste; all that he wanted was, to create Mischief betwixt them, and to vex *Bob*.

Dame Fortune favour'd him at last; for our old Lover, having some extraordinary Business, which oblig'd him to return to the Country, took a tender leave of his Charmer, who, as soon as his Back was turn'd, sent to invite *Nick* to pass the Evening with her at *Picquet*; he obey'd the Summons, and to avoid Company, they retired to her Closet; but as they were in the height of their Mirth, about twelve o'Clock she fancy'd she heard the Garden Door unlock, which was the Backway by which *Bob* used to come in, but being sure that he was out of Town, and that no body else had a Key, she thought it was only a Whim, and sat down to Play; but the Cards were scarce dealt, before *Bob* open'd the Closet Door. He had delay'd his Journey for the Pleasure of seeing her again. The Lady was ready to Swoon! *Bob* stood like a Statue, and *Nick*, who wanted no more, burst out a Laughing, took his Hat and Sword, Bow'd and Walk'd

Walk'd off, leaving them at leisure to Quarrel it out.

I could never learn what pass'd after he was gone; but the Breach was never made up: However, the Settlement was too firmly made to be broke thorough. *Nick* boasted every where of his Conquest, and told the Story in so whimsical a manner, that it grew a common Jest; which enraged Mr. *Lynn* to such a degree, that he vowed Revenge not only on the Offender himself, but *Will Worby* and all his Friends. His Scribblers were set to Work afresh, to stir up the Country against them; and *Tom Starch*, as the ablest Hand, renew'd the Combat. The Productions of his Brain were wonderful in their kind, almost beyond humane Understanding; such a mixture of *Greek* and *Latin* Quotations, interspers'd with Civil Law Terms, Atheism, and Nonsense, in so stiff, so pedantick a Stile, were never before jumbled together.

When it came first out, a Country Gentleman brought it to Mr. *Worby's*, where, amongst a great deal of Company, it was produced. *Nick Waver*, *Franck Lynn*, and the Parson of the Parish, were present. Mr. *Worby* hummed it over to himself first; but not being able to make Sense on't, he presented it to the Doctor, telling him, it was his Province to unriddle Mysteries. He read it over and over again, and at last said, he could find that the Man who wrote it meant Mischief, and it was a great Mercy that he had not been able to explain his Thoughts. *Nick* smil'd, and took it out of his Hands. I'll give you the meaning presently, says he, it must be read backwards, like a Witch's prayers; I know the Author well; he affects to write darkly, and for a very good Reason;

Reason; he has chang'd Sides twenty several times, and not knowing but he may have occasion to do so again, is resolv'd to leave room for whatever Explanation may happen to suit the purpose most to his own Advantage. He is a perfect Libertine both in Principles and Practice; makes his boast, that he believes nothing of Futurity, yet would die of the fright, if he were to be left alone in the dark, tho' but for a quarter of an Hour; nay, without exaggerating the Matter, if you dare believe what he says of himself, he once ran away, and left all the Doors open behind him, of a certain Lady's House, who left him to guard it while she went to Church: This happened at Noon-day, and the mighty fright proceeded from the mewling of a poor harmless Kitten, whose Tale he had accidentally burnt with a Cinder. If *Satan* has no stouter Heroes than our Author, his Kingdom is in danger. But that I may satisfy the Curiosity of your Company, continued *Nick*, I must beg leave to withdraw a little, and that Mr. *Worthy* would be pleas'd to order me Pen, Ink and Paper; my Answer will unfold the Mystery; I'll rough-draught it for your Diversion, and leave it to my Friend *Francis* to fair Copy, before it is expos'd to publick View. The proper Utensils being got ready, *Nick* retired; and the Doctor, shock'd at the bare reading of Mr. *Starcl's* Work, began to expatiate on the abominable Wickedness of the present Age. How can we blame, says he, the meaner Sort of People for their Faults, when we consider that the want of a good Education leaves them incapable of judging right? Example is all to these poor ignorant Souls; the best Precepts without it can be of no effect; and what sad Examples are set before



before their Eyes, we all too well know. While they daily see their Betters behave so ill, what can we expect from them? 'Tis unreasonable to hang a poor distress'd Creature for stealing a Cheese, or a Joint of Meat, out of a Shop in the Night time, which the Law calls Burglary, and let an oppulent Villain escape, whose Rapines have reduced them to starving. Destroying a Man, whom the great God created after his own Image, if no Malice appear, amounts to no more than Man-slaughter, and the Murderer may live, and kill as many as he pleases, provided he takes care to do it in Jest, or only to try his Strength.

Should a Word be spoke that could possibly, by any far-fetch'd Art, be wrested to asperse a Man in Power, the Criminal, in such a Case would be dragg'd from Jail to Jail, his Family ruin'd, and if himself came off with a Fine, a Pillory, or Imprisonment, it would falsely be called great Compassion; but had he blasphem'd his Maker, and endeavour'd to overturn the whole System of Christianity, he might have come off as well as Mr. W—n; the very Thought makes my Heart ache: But to convince you Gentlemen, that the Clergy are to the full as faulty as the Laity, I beg leave to tell you a Story which happen'd to be in my own knowledge.

Just before Mr. Lynn was made Factotum to the Lord of the Mannor, the Vicar of one of the Parishes within his Gift dyed; it was a better Beneficethan mine, and I hoped that the Care I had taken in the performance of my Duty, and my great Charge of Children, might in some measure entitle me to it. My Lord not being at that time in the Country, I apply'd myself

E

to

to Mr. *Lynn*, who received me very kindly, and assured me, he would move my Lord in my behalf; for he thought it would be very ill done to give it to any Body else. I return'd him thanks, and came away well satisfy'd. About three Days after Mr. *Lynn's* Gentleman paid me a Visit, and I of course told him, how kind his Master had been to me. The Man smil'd all the while I was speaking; and upon pressing him hard to know the Reason, Sir, says he, I can't bear to see a Man in your Coat so grossly deceived; if you mention what I say to you, to any Body, I shall lose my Bread; but unless you lay down in ready Money half the Value of the Cure, or pay him constantly half the Income you'll never have it; besides, you must engage to give, and get, for him, your Vote and Interest for whatever Member he pleases to Name. The Man is since dead or I would not have told you the Story; but I found his Words too true, for because my Conscience would not suffer me to be guilty of Simony, he bestow'd it on the present Incumbent, a *Frenchman*, whom, I believe every Body here knows, can neither Read, nor Preach, to be understood. Just as the Doctor had finish'd, *Nick* enter'd with his Answer, which set Mr. *Starb's* meaning in a clear Light, and expos'd *Bob*, and all his Adherents, terribly, to the great Diversion of the Company.

*Nick* had, upon a thorough Examination of all their Works, found out, that *Dick Dabble*, for want of Capacity, had borrowed most of his Letters from some Pieces which Mr. *Starb* had publish'd many Years before; that Mr. *Mimick* had pick'd up his out of a Play call'd *Tamtr-lane*; and that *Farting Andrew* had learn'd his  
Man-

Manners at the *Bear-Garden*. He spared his Cousin *James Waver*, because he said now he had made up his Pack, he hop'd he would think it was time to recant; but casting a sly look at *Mr. Worthy*, I am loth to tell you all the Mischiefs that is design'd against you in *Mr. Starch's Riddle*, Sir, cries *Nick*. That's unkind, replies *Mr. Worthy*. Pray, let us have the Jest out. Why then, since you will force me to be the Messenger of ill News, e'en take it, Sir: You are to be turn'd out of all your Freeholds; and every Tenant that adheres to you, and don't solemnly swear that he will renounce the Use of his five Senses, is to be first stripp'd, and then hang'd. That's kind, says *Mr. Worthy*, and of a-piece with all *Mr. Lynn's Management*; he has profess'd himself an Occulist this many Years, but 'tis to procure Blindness, he resembles exactly the Description the *Psalmist* gives of an abandoned Sinner, falls from one Sin to another, till his Cup of Iniquity is full, and never gives himself time to think that there must be a Day of reckoning. Our Lord of the Mannor is so exceedingly good, that I hate to wound his Ears with an account of that Fellow's Crimes; but if he provokes me much more, I shall be forced, against my Will, to draw up an humble Petition, sign'd by all the Tenants; for I begin to think, I shall be a sharer in his Guilt if I omit it much longer. The Company laugh'd to see *Mr. Worthy* put on such a grave Face, well knowing he was in jest, and that he thought the poor Animal below his notice. If it were not too late, says *Nick*, I could tell you several pleasant Stories of *Bob's Amours*, but I think it must be adjourn'd to another Opportunity: So here's a Health to the  
 Lord



Lord of the Mannor, and Prosperity to the Tenants. I'll pledge it with all my Heart, replied *Franck*, with this addition, that my Cousin *Bob* may be made as sensible of his Faults as he was some Years ago, but punished more severely, that he may be afraid to offend for the future. Then I doubt he must be hang'd outright, says *Mr. Worthy*, for he seems to have no Notion of Repentance. The Clock struck Twelve, and the Company adjourned.

*Franck* soon after fair copy'd *Mr. Waver's* Letter, which exasperated *Mr. Lynn* to such a degree, that he commenced a Suit of Law against him; and after a long Time, and much Charge, managed the Matter so cunningly, that he obtain'd the Cause, and poor *Franck* had no hopes left but an Arrest of Judgment. I left the Country just as this happen'd, so am unable to give you any farther Account. When I receive fresh Intelligence, you shall have it faithfully recited by, &c.

F I N I S.



